

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Preachin To The Quiet"

[verse 1]

Celebrity the new drug

In america

Gotta have it

Gotta be it

So the young ones see it

Watch out now

Looka here now

In these get rich or die tryin times

Greed that i see

Got these cats

Whipped by tv

3 generations of fatherless women

We drownin instead of swimmin

This aint what yall asked for

Thats what they locked ya ass up for

And closed the door

Beyond these streets

These kids is always watchin

See it aint been the same

Since teen summitt left the game

Off the air, who cares?

Now kids get programmed

Ask their peoples

Who buy them almost everything the stars wear

People see , people do

See the new pied pipers

Got a hold on you

Back to the boogaloo

Get a shot

So you wont catch the flu

Dont get shot

And get a hole in you

[verse 2]

Im talkin advanced

But goin back at the same time

Rewind

So what, some of this song dont rhyme

Like i said

Most of us get ghetto at the wrong time

Fear

So leave a little room for god

Up in here

Back in the day

Even real pimps, hustlers, players

Told young cats

Cmon get their lives on track
These raps you hear today
Is a bad ass act
Im here to tell it
Like it ought to be
It aint no kids fault to me
35 year olds
Actin 16
Know what i mean
You dont work, mean you dont eat
You need more than a ball
And some bomb ass beats
New kicks on your feet
Need your mind in these time
To compete
Make your world complete
Sweet not sour
Thats what they really call fightin the power

[verse 3]
Here it is , no fable
I put it all on the table
Spendin my time
Identifyin whos behind
Some of these labels
Who profit off the spit
Some of the same way same cats
That owned them ships
Yes
Its a business
Butslavery was too
Prison industrial complex
New slavery lookin to own you
Ownin the labels , stations, jails and cemeteries
Thug life
Turnin hip hop into a one stop shop
Somebody behind
Makin up your own damn mind
Signed , sealed delivered
In a nigger package
So dumb you cant hear
The ignorance protected
By the backpacker
Who co signed the say so
Claimin they dig the flow
Filled wit jim crow
Return of the old negro
How you gonna say no to drugs
If you dont say no to thugs
See the government
Sweep it deep
Under the rug

